Saint GEORGE, and the DRAGON,
ANGLICE,
MERCURIUS POETICUS:

To the tune of, The Old Souldjour of the Queens, &c.

NEws, News: --- Here's the *Occurrences*: and a new *Mercurius*:
A Dialogue betwixt *Haslerigg* the *Baffled*, and *Arthur* the *Furious*:
With *Ireions* readings upon *Legitimate* and *Spurious*,
Proving that a *Saint* may be the *Son of a Whore*; for the satisfaction of the Curious
From a Rump insatiate as the Sea,
Libera nos Domine.

Here's the true reason of the *Cities infatuation*:
Ireton ha's made it *Drunk* with the *Cup of Abomination*:
That is, ----- *the Cup of the Whore*, after the *Geneva Interpretation*:
Which, with the Juyce of *Titchbourn's Grapes*, must needs, cause *Intoxication*.
From a Rump, &c.

Here's the *Whipper whipt* - by a Friend to *George*, that whipp'd *Jack* that whipp'd
That whipp'd the *Nation*, *as long as it could stand over it*: --- After which
It was it selfe *Re-jerk'd*, by the sage Author *of this Speech*:
Methinks a Rump should go as well with a Scotch spur; as with a Switch.
From a Rump, &c.

This *Rump* hath many a *Rotten and unruly Member*: [(*tender*,)
Give the *Generall* the *Oath*, cries one; ----- (but his Conscience being a little
I'll *Abjure* you, with a Horse-pox, quoth *George*, ----- and make you remember
The '*Leaventh* of *February*, longer than the *Fifth* of *November*.
From a Rump, &c.

With that --- *Monk* leaves (*in a Rump assembled*) --- *the Three Estates*.
But oh, ----- how the *Cittizens hugg'd* him for *breaking* down their *Gates*,
For *Tearing* up their *Posts*, and *Chaines*, and for *Clapping up* their *Mates*,
(*When they saw*, *that he brought them Plasters for their broken Pates*.)
From a Rump, &c.

In truth, this Rusle put the Town in great *disorder*;
Some *Knaves* (*in Office*) *smil'd*, --- expecting 'twould go surder;
But at the last ---- my Life on't, *George* is no *Rumper*, -- said the *Recorder*:
For there never was either *Honest man*, or *Monk of that Order*.
From a Rump, &c.

And so it prov'd, for *Gentlemen*, sayes the Generall, I'll make you amends:
Our *Greeting* was a little *untoward*, but we'll *part Friends*,
A little time shall shew you which way my Design tends.
And that, *besides the good of Church and State*, *I have no other ends*.
From a Rump, &c.

His *Excellence* had no sooner pass'd this *Declaration* and *Promise*,
But in steps *Secretary Scot*, ---- *the Rump's man Thomas*,
With *Luke*, their lame Evangelist ----- (the Devill keep 'um from us,)
To shew *Monk what precious Members of Church and State the Bumm ha's*.
From a Rump, &c.

And now comes the *Supplication of the Members under* the *Rod*,
Nay, *My Lord*, (*cryes the Brewers Clerk*) -- *good my Lord*, -- for the love of God,
Consider *your selfe*, *us* ---- and this *poor Nation*, and that *Tyrant Abroad*;
Don't leave us, ----but *George* gave him a *Shrugg*, instead of a *Nod*.
From a Rump, &c.

This mortall *Silence* was followed with a most hideous *Noyse*
Of *Free-Parliament Bells*, and *Rump confounding Boyes*:
Crying *Gueld* the *Rogues*, *Singe* their *Tayles*, --- when with a low Voyce,
Fire and Sword, by this Light, cryes *Tom*, let's look to our *Toyes*.
From a Rump, &c.

Never were wretched *Members* in so sad a Plight:
Some were *Bryl'd*, ----- some *Toasted*, ----- others *Burnt out-right*.
Nay, against *Rumps*, so *Pittylesse* was their *Rage*, and *Spite*,
That *not a Citizen would kisse his Wife that Night*.
From a Rump &c.

By this time, *Death*, and *Hell* appear'd in the ghastly *Looks*
Of *Scot*, and *Robinson*; (those *Legislative Rooks*)
And it must needs put the *Rump* most damnably off the Hooks,
To see, that *when God has sent meat*, *the Devill should send Cooks*.
From a Rump, &c.

But *Providence*, their old friend, brought these Saints off, at Last,
And through the *Pikes*, and the *Flames*, *un-dis-membred* they past,
Although (God wot) with many *struglings*, and much *Hast*.
(For ---- *Members*, ---- or *no Members*, was but a measuring Cast)
From a Rump, &c.

Being come to *Whitehall*; ----- there's the dismall mone:
Let Monk be damn'd, cryes *Arthur*; in a Terible tone:
That *Traitor*: ----- *and those Cuckoldly Rogues that set him on*.
(But tho' the Knight *Spits Blood*, 'tis observ'd that he *Draws none*)
From a Rump, &c.

The Plague Bawle you, cryes *Harry Martin*, you have brought us to this condition
You must be canting, and be Pox'd, ----- with your *Bare-bones Petition*,
And take in that *Bull-headed*, *splay-footed Member of the Circumcision*,
That Bacon-fac'd Jew, *Corbet*: *that son of Perdition*.
From a Rump, &c.

Then in steps *Driv'ling Mounson*, to take up the Squabble:
That Lord; which first taught the use of the *Wooden Dagger*, *and Ladle*,
He, ---- that out does *Jack Pudding*, at a *Custard*, or a *Caudle*:
And were the Best *Fool* in Europe, but that he wants a *Bauble*.
From a Rump, &c.

More was said, to little Purpose: the next news, is ----- a *Declaration*
From the *Rump*; for a **Free-State**, according to the **Covenant** of the Nation,
And a **Free-Parliament**, under **Oath**, and **Qualification**,
Where none shall be *Elect*, but Members of *Reprobation*.
From a Rump, &c.

Here's the *Table Firk't*; *a Peice acted lately with great applause*,
With a *Plea* for the *Prerogative Breech*, and the *Good Old Cause*:
Proving, that *Rumps*, and *Members are antienter than Laws*:
And that a *Bumme Divided*, is never the worse for the *Flaws*.
From a Rump, &c.

But all things have their Period, and Fate,
An Act of Parliament dissolves a Rump of State:
Members grow *weake*; and *Tayles themselves run out of Date*:
And yet thou shalt not dye; (*Deare Breech*) thy *Fame* I'll celebrate.
From a Rump, &c.

Here lyes a Pack of Saints, that did their *Soules*, and *Country Sell*
For *Dirt*; *The Devill was their good Lord*; him they serv'd well;
By his *Advice*, they *Stood*, and *Acted*: and by his *President* they *Fell*,
(Like *Lucifer*) making but *one step* betwixt *Heaven*, and *Hell*.
From a Rump insatiate as the Sea.
Liberasti nos Domine.

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